

THE MERCHANTS ACTUALLY
STAND IN DUMB AMAZE-
MENT AT OUR PRICES.

You Better Hurry

If You Want to Get Into the Last of the Great Bankrupt Sale

KEEP YOUR HANDS ON
YOUR POCKETBOOK,
BUNDLES AND YOUR BABIES

Two other merchants will be here in a day or two, and if a price can be agreed upon, our doors will be closed. The remainder of the Sanders stock will be invoiced and packed up and this will close the
Greatest Sale in the History of Astoria

Come and Get It While You Can

THIS MORNING FROM 9 TO 10

.....WE WILL PUT ON SALE.....

150 LADIES' FINE LATE STYLE SHIRT WAISTS, WORTH UP TO \$3.00, ONLY ONE TO CUSTOMER, CHOICE **10c**
75 SPLENDID QUALITY, GOOD STYLE SKIRTS, WORTH UP TO \$6.50, CHOICE **98c**
50 LADIES' \$1.00 TO \$1.50 WRAPPERS **59c**

WE HAVE LEFT ABOUT 8 OR 10 LADIES' GOOD TAILOR-MADE SUITS, WORTH UP TO \$12.50, CHOICE **\$1.88**
12 TO 15 OF THE FINEST TAILOR-MADE SUITS, WORTH UP TO \$30.00, WILL GO FOR ONLY **\$4.88**
10 LADIES' SPLENDID CLOTH COATS, GOOD STYLE, WORTH UP TO \$12 **\$2.98**

FROM 2 TO 3 WE WILL SELL

GOOD VELVET DRESS BINDING, WORTH 10c, THE YARD **1½c**
LADIES' \$1.00 TO \$1.50 WOOL PANTS, PER PAIR **38c**
LADIES' \$1.50 TO \$2.50 FINE WOOL WAISTS, ALL THIS SEASON'S STYLES, CHOICE **49c**

NICE PAPER NAPKINS, PER 100 **5c**
CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' COATS, WORTH UP TO \$5, ONLY **98c**
MEN'S \$2.50 AND \$3.50 FINE WOOL PANTS, ALL MEDIUM SIZES, CHOICE OF THE LOT **98c**

WE GOT A GOOD THING
AND ARE WILLING TO DI-
VIDE UP WITH THE PEOPLE

THE BOSTON STORE

Successors to the Morse Department Store

THE GOODS ARE ALL YOURS
AS LONG AS THEY LAST,
BUT "YOU MUST HURRY"

Dorothy's Dime.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Grayce looked grim as he threw open the door and stumbled over the roll of rugs that lay just within.

"Another night has come, and that landlord still lives his evil life," he called, and from the dimly lighted parlor came an answering snuff.

Bert Grayce hung up his coat on the half shrouded hatrack and entered the room. The furniture was swathed in burp and excelsior, and the piano was covered with old blankets and other soft wrappings, and trunks and boxes were piled with some attempt at order along the bare walls and upon the equally bare floor.

On top of the upturned soap box a group of candles guttered dismally, their feeble rays serving to accentuate the absence of gas. Desolation—the desolation of an exodus-brooded everywhere, even upon the face of the woman who sat in a low rocker beside the candles and vainly made pretense of reading.

Hers was a lovable face, framed in masses of silver hair, and Grayce's



THE LONG, SLENDER HAND WAS CLASPED IN BERT'S OWN.

smile softened and grew more tender as he bent to kiss the still smooth forehead. "Cheer up, mother mine," he said laughingly. "All is not yet lost, though the painters remain on strike. Tomorrow the new home will be painted. By

Saturday we shall be comfortably settled."

"Are you sure?" demanded Mrs. Grayce wistfully. "If you are, we will not have the gas turned on again."

"There are electric lights in the new home," he reminded. "You will forget these nights of Egyptian darkness, and the next time we move we shall not order the current turned off until we are safely out of the house."

"To think that at the last moment, with all packed and ready to move, this strike should have come up!" said Mrs. Grayce, with a groan. "Are you positive, Bert, that the painter you have engaged will not be won over by the strikers?"

"Never more certain of anything in my life," was the laughing response. "The painter is no less a person than your accomplished son. I stopped in and ordered the paint sent over this morning. Tomorrow I shall go and wield the brush, so you must wake and call me early. I must put in a full day."

Bert passed on to his own room, lighting his way with matches, and his mother heaved a sigh of relief. For eight days they had virtually camped in the apartment they had given up, waiting for their new quarters to be finished. The packers had done their work, the man had come to cut off the gas and the moving vans were backed up to the door when a telephone message came to the effect that, owing to a strike of the painters, the new rooms were not yet ready for occupancy. From day to day the landlord had promised that something would be done at once, but now a full week had passed, and hope had commenced to fail until Bert decided to do the work himself.

He made an early start, and 8 o'clock found him in a suit of jeans applying the paint with as skillful a brush as though painting were his regular occupation. He worked rapidly and well and the rooms had begun to assume a habitable aspect when he heard the hall door open and close and looked up, expecting to see the landlord.

Instead he faced about to encounter the gaze of a pair of brown eyes which seemed to pierce his paint stained jacket and give him an oddly queer sensation about the heart. The possessor of the eyes was a fragile slip of a girl whose pure oval face was oddly like a picture by some old master. The slender form was wholly concealed by a brown holland pinafore, and this was splashed with color. A dab of blue which had sought a higher resting place made a saucy beauty patch against the dimpling chin.

"So you have come," she said at length. "I was beginning to think that you would be out on strike all winter."

I was promised that my doors should be shellacked first."

"Yes, but"—began Bert.

"I want no answers," said the girl, with a stamp of her tiny foot. "I am to have an exhibition day after tomorrow, and the floors must be done by then, do you hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Bert meekly. "Then pick up your pail and brush and come along," was the quiet command. "If I had not smelled the paint in the hall you would have spent the day here, when I need you so much more. Come on, please."

She turned to lead the way as though there was no argument to be made, and Bert, grinning over the ridiculousness of the affair, followed after. He saw with pleasure that the other apartment was only across the hall from his own. It was a much smaller place, and it did not take Bert long to paint the floors. The girl stood in the doorway superintending the work, and Bert was sorry when at last he rose from his knees and announced the completion of the job.

"You will still have time to finish the other apartment," said the girl severely. "Next time do as you are told, and you will have less trouble. You know very well that the agent told you to do this apartment first. He promised me that he would."

"He'll promise anything," began Bert grimly, but the tiny foot stamped a warning. The girl did not care to argue the point with a workman, and she dismissed him with a nod.

"Come in tomorrow and give it a second coat," she commanded. "Wait a moment," she added as Bert turned to go. "Buy yourself a good cigar," she finished as she handed him a coin. Bert dropped the dime in his pocket with a murmured word of thanks and backed out of the door. Once on the other side, his embarrassment died down, and he paused long enough to ascertain from the card on the door that it was Dorothy Remsen who occupied the apartment. That she was a china decorator he already knew, and vaguely he remembered having heard of her skill.

He was tired when he sought his home that night, but the thought that he would see the girl again on the morrow gave him a feeling that the day had been well spent. He carefully slipped the dime in a pocket which he wore on his watch fob and smiled as he thought of his "tip."

He painted the studio floors the first thing next morning and then turned his attention to his own apartment. It was late in the afternoon when he had finished and was cleaning up. There came a ring at the door, and he opened it to confront a young

woman who radiated confusion and penitence.

"I have come to apologize," she said, blushing redly. "I stopped in to thank the agent for sending me a painter, and he did not know that my floors had been done. Then he recalled that you were painting your own place and explained my error."

"It's a very natural one," he said, with a laugh. "If you were half as desperate as my mother, I should not blame you for kidnapping me with a full knowledge of the facts. I am only glad that I have been of service to you."

"You don't know how greatly you have aided me," she cried. "I can never repay your kindness. I am so sorry that I was abrupt yesterday. Will you pardon me?"

The long, slender hand was clasped in Bert's own, and he smiled down into the brown eyes that dropped shyly before his gaze.

Dorothy slipped back into her own apartment, and Bert, closing his door, drew the dime she had given him from his pocket.

"The job's going to cost you more than that little woman," he said as he smiled to himself. "It's going to cost you your heart and hand, and they are worth millions of dimes."

The Jumping Off Place.

"Consumption had me in its grasp; and I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life. Improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was a well and happy man again," says George Moore, of Grimesland, N. C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lungs and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50c and \$1.00 at Charles Rogers & Son, druggists. Trial bottle free.

Sound of wedding bells hardly has died away when international complication are threatened. Gladys and Szechenyi were caught snow-balling!

Probably it is your stomach and not your heart that causes pain in neighborhood of the heart. If it is, Lane's Family Medicine will give relief. 25 cents at druggists.

Has politics been heard from in the matter of allowing Leslie M. Shaw to re-enter its domain?

TEACHER'S EXAMINATIONS.

Notice is hereby given that the County Superintendent of Clatsop County will hold the regular examination of applicants for state and county papers at the Court House, as follows:

FOR STATE PAPERS

Commencing Wednesday, February 12, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Saturday, February 15, at 4 p. m.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, spelling, physical geography, reading, psychology.

Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, bookkeeping, physics, civil government.

Friday—Physiology, geography, composition, algebra, English literature.

Saturday—Botany, plane geometry, general history, school law.

FOR COUNTY PAPERS

Commencing Wednesday, February 12, at 9 o'clock a. m., and continuing until Friday, February 14, at 4 o'clock p. m.

Wednesday—Penmanship, history, orthography, reading, physical geography.

Thursday—Written arithmetic, theory of teaching, grammar, physiology.

Friday—Geography, school law, civil government, English literature.

EMMA C. WARREN,

County Superintendent.

2-2-10c.

Astoria, February 1, 1908.

The Louvre Concert Hall

FIRST CLASS LIQUORS
AND CIGARS

SEVENTH AND ASTOR STREETS.

ROOMS IN CONNECTION.

Vic LINDBECK, Prop.

THE TRENTON

First-Class Liquors and Cigars

602 Commercial Street.

Corner Commercial and 14th.

ASTORIA, OREGON

THE GEM

C. F. WISE, Prop.

Choice Wines, Liquors
and Cigars

Hot Lunch at All Hours.

Corner Eleventh and Commercial.

Merchants Lunch From
11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m.
25 Cents

ASTORIA

OREGON